XXV SELECT ALLUSIONS, TO Several places of *Horace*, *Martial*, *Anacreon*, and *Petron. Arbitr.*

Part I.

Written by Mr. *Dilke*.

Nos Convivia, nos prælia Virginum,
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus vacui ; ſive quid urimur,
Non præter ſolitum læves. Hor.

LONDON,
Printed for *Peter Buck*, at the ſign of the *Temple*, near the *Inner Temple Gate* in *Fleetſtreet* ; and ſold by *R. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane*. 1698.

THE PREFACE.

I Am not insensible that many Objections may be made against these following Allusions; tho I shan't trouble my self to Answer 'em, lest by that means I supply some sort of people with Weapons, that otherwise cou'd not furnish themselves.

All that I shall say by way of Preface is, That these Poems were never design'd for the morose ill-natur'd part of Mankind; but for the Men of Pleasure and Generosity. And shou'd such persons as these find any thing in them that can contribute to their Satisfaction, I know my faults will be easily Pardon'd.

I have, to the best of my power, familiarly adapted my Authors to our present Circumstances of Time and Custom, so that their notions might be reliſh'd with as little expence of Thought as poſſible. If they will bear the peruſal with the ſame eaſe, freedom and pleaſure that I found in writing 'em, 'tis enough for my purpoſe. 'Tis true I have taken a great deal of liberty both as to the manner of Compoſure, and as to the Matter itſelf, and may ſometimes ſeem to be very foreign from the ſubject propos'd. Indeed 'tis my Opinion that Alluſions do properly admit of this ſcope, as ſoon as the hint is receiv'd, I think the Alluder may be allow'd to follow the Thread of his own Fancy.

If any are Curious to know why I Publiſh 'em, I willingly confeſs, that it was not either from the importunity of Friends, nor to Vindicate my ſelf from Errors of Surreptitious Copies, nor indeed to eſtabliſh any great Reputation; but for a Reaſon worth a hundred of 'em, and for the ſame Reaſon, if my Book-

ſeller

ſeller finds encouragement by this firſt part, the World may expect to be troubled with more; tho for her own ſake, we are at preſent at ſuch odds, that I would not beſtow a ſtroke gratis *upon her, were it only to ſpit my Venom in Railing. Whenever ſhe proves more Indulgent to me, like a true Poet, I'll grudge her no Adulation. In the mean time let her Rub on, and ſo will I as well as I can.*

Adieu.

Books printed for, and sold by Peter Buck, *at the sign of the* Temple, *near the* Inner Temple Gate *in* Fleet-street.

1. REflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, by *Wm. Wotton*, B D Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Nottingham*. The second Edition: with large additions With dissertations upon the Epistles of *Phalaris*, *Themistocles*, *Socrates*, *Euripides*, &c. and *Esop's Fables*. By Dr. *Bentley*.

2. *Incognita*, a Novel.

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4. Love's a Jest, a Comedy by Mr. *Motteux*.

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6. The Provok'd Wife, a Comedy by the Author of the Relapse or Virtue in Danger.

7. The Novelty, every Act a Play, by Mr. *Motteux*, &c.

Select Alluſions.

I.

Mart. Epigr. 77. Lib. 8.

Liber amicorum Dulciſſima, &c.

Strephon, thou darling Fav'rite of the Age,
Your Looks alone can more than Love engage:
Where-e're you come, ſuch Glory you diſplay,
That none can leſs than Veneration pay.
Strephon 'tis you muſt to your ſelf be juſt,
And ſpring freſh Joys to ev'ry varying Guſt.
Let luſty Bowls foment a ſprightly fire,
And ſwell each Vein with vigorous deſire:
In melting Charms then ſteep your Am'rous Heat;
Be *Strephon* ſtill, in all your Actions Great:
Thus if you live but half your days deſign'd,
Caſt up the ſumm, you'll more than total find.

II.

Hor. Ode 13. Lib. 4.

Audivere, Lyce, Dii mea Vota, &c.

1.

WEll *Peg*, at length, the Gods I praise,
You're old and ugly grown;
And yet with painted haggard Face,
You brazen all the Town.

2.

With some raw Cull, you drink, and toy,
And Youthful smiles put on;
Yet faith you're but the snuff of joy,
All but the stench is gone.

3.

The God of Love your wrinckles scorns,
Your grisly Locks defys,
'Tis *Molly*'s Cheeks he now adorns,
And Wantons in her Eyes.

4.

Where are thoſe Charms now gone aſtray?
Thoſe former Graces fled?
That ſtole me from my ſelf away,
And fixt me to your Bed?

5.

'Twas then the ſecond place you bore
Of all the Harlot Tribe;
Seuky, 'tis true, was prais'd by more,
But not by more enjoy'd.

6.

Seuky, alas! ſoon ſtoop't to Fate,
And dy'd in her Vocation:
While *Feg* is left, and grown of late,
The ſink of all the Nation.

III.

Hor. Ode 36. Lib. 1.

Et Thure & Fidibus juvat, &c.

NOw Friends, let jov'al Mirth take place,
And ſweetneſs ſmile on ev'ry Face;
See *Bellardin* is ſafe return'd,
Whoſe Abſence, we ſo long have mourn'd:
Once more the Noble Youth is come,
Richly adorn'd with Honours home.
Come then to *Lockets* let us ſteer,
And give our Joys their full Career;
The largeſt Draughts ſhall there declare
Which is the Friend that's moſt ſincere.
There let us Drink, till all our Eyes
Into one ſpacious Optick riſe;
Then gaze on all his lovely Charms,
Pierce him with ſight, and cruſh him in our Arms.

IV.

Hor. Ode 23. Lib. 1.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis Chloe!

WHen Miss was told that she was Mans meat grown,
She wou'd not trust herself alone,
For fear of being eaten up by Men:
But when at length I'd forc'd the tim'rous Maid,
She gently sigh'd, and smiling said,
Pray Sir be pleas'd to eat me up again.

V.

Mart. Epigr. 47. Lib. 10.

Vitam quæ faciunt Beatiorem, &c.

WOuld you know what it is, that can make a man blest?
'Tis to have a rich Dad in good time go to Rest;
A good House well contriv'd, in the midst of that Ground,
That does with much Wood, and much Water abound.
A Mind free and easie, a Body robust,
A Table sufficient to please ev'ry Mans gust.

Books, and Friends that are choice, and a Cellar well ſtor'd;
A true ſatisfaction both in Bed, and at Board:
Not too fond of a Life, when his Fate is decreed:
This alone is the Man, that is happy indeed.

VI.

Hor. Ode 27. Lib. 1.

Natis in uſum lætitiæ Scyphis, &c.

1.

WHat a Pox is the meaning of all this clutter?
Can't you take off your Cups in quiet?
Let the barbarous *Dutch Cods Sawcrawment* mutter,
And of ev'ry Club make a Riot.

2.

Come, for ſhame let's no more in ſuch Quarrels embark,
But ev'ry Man ſtart a freſh Query,
Who met my Lady upon the Stairs in the dark?
And who tickled *Doll* in the Dairy?

3.

See how *Jack* hangs his Ears at ſuch Queſtions as theſe,
What need'ſt thou be aſham'd to hear on't?
Tho bonny black *Beſs* had a Belly in the caſe,
And honeſt Church-warden took care on't.

VII.

Mart. Epigr. 34 Lib. 6.

Baſia da nobis Diadumene, preſſa, &c

PRithee, dear Youth, let me ſome kiſſes have:
D'y' ask how many wou'd ſuffice?
Bid me account the numbers in the Grave,
Or tell the Stars that ſparkle in the Skies;
Bid me as well repeat
Thoſe many anxious Cares that wait
Upon the Rich and Great.
Ask me how many Wives there are
That love Gallants more than their Husbands ſar.
How many Females mount th' Nupt'al Bed
Without one tittle of a Maidenhead.
If I might have, as I the Bleſſing prize,
Not Time itſelf ſhou'd e'er confine my Joys.

VIII.

Hor. Ode 9. Lib. 1.

Vides ut alta stet Nive Candidum.

1.

SEe, how the Dæmons of the Northern Clime
Flutter along with Wings of dusky Rime;
Extending wide their Hands,
To fetter up the Floods in Crystal bands:
Dispencing as they go,
Their chilly gifts of unpolluted Snow.

2.

If then we're Wise, let us their Force defy,
With towring Flames let's pierce the curdled Sky.
Then shall large Bowls of Wine,
Together with the outward Heat combine:
'Tis Fire may the Work begin;
But Godlike Wine will warm our Souls within.

3.

No tort'ring Cares ſhall then our Joys inſeſt,
No thoughts of what to the wiſe Fates ſeems beſt;
Love ſhall alone take place;
And well turn'd Meaſures all our Actions grace.
Thus we'll in Circle move,
Love, Drink, and Dance, and then again we'll Love.

IX.

Mart. Epigr. 5. Lib. 4.

Vir bonus, & Pauper, &c.

WHat's this you ſay? You're Honeſt, Good and Juſt?
What then the Devil made you come to Town?
None here muſt Live, that can't betray a Truſt,
Or at a Great Mans Nod, can't ſmile, or frown.
Thoſe Sheep unpitty'd fall, and well they may,
Whoſe Choice it is, to herd with Beaſts of Prey.

X.

Hor. Ode 8. Lib. 1.

Lydia dic per omnes, &c.

1.

PRithee, Dear *Cocky*, let me know
The Witchcraft of thy Art:
At ev'ry ſtep where-e're you go,
Down drops a Conquer'd Heart.

2.

Jaſper, that ſtubborn Youth, that long
No Female Charms cou'd brook,
Sings at your Feet a whining Song,
And dyes at ev'ry Look.

3.

No more he briſtles in the Pit,
No more the Scenes he ſcowrs,
No more he vents his pointed Wit
Againſt young *Cupid*'s pow'rs.

3.

Let then his frantick Zeal be fed
In this Effem'nate ſotting;
Give him be ſure good ſtore of Thread,
And ſet the Fool a Knotting.

XI.

Mart. Epigr. 53. Lib. 2.

Vis fieri Liber? Mentiris Maxime, &c.

1.

WHat makes you thus ſtill Curſe your Fate,
And Dam your wretched Stars?
'Twas you your ſelf began the date
Of all your racking Cares.

2.

Twas you forſooth wou'd be a Beau,
Nay more, a Treating Fool:
Then ben't ſurpriz'd, where-e're you go,
To hear your ſelf call'd Fool.

3.

Had wholeſome Landlady gone down,
When Hubby was in Bed,
You ſtill had been a Spark o'th' Town,
And ne're have ſhrunk your Head.

4.

Henceforth for ſhame no more diſburſe
Amongſt the Harlot train;
Some mouldy Hag, with well ſtuff'd Purſe,
May ſet you right again.

XII.

Mart. Epigr. 64. Lib. 3.

Quod ſpirat tenere Malum, &c.

SWeet as the Roſes in their morning Dew,
Or full as ſweet as new blown Jeſmin is,
Sweet as the Wind whene're it gently blew
From fragrant boughs of Aromatick Trees.
Sweet as the Incenſe curling up in ſmoke,
Or as rich Ointment when the Urn is broke:
So are thy Joys, tho forc't; What wou'd they be,
Wer't thou ſo kind, to make the Offring free?

XIII.

Hor. Ode 25. Lib. 1.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras, &c.

1.

SLeep on, old *Nibs*, and nothing fear,
You'll unmolested snore;
No more will ever Coach or Chair
Come rapping at your Door.

2.

Faith Child thou'rt old and fusty grown,
Then don't thy self defraud:
For you, there's nothing to be done,
Unless you'll be a Bawd.

3.

If still some Sparks of Lust remains,
If still you wou'd stand buff;
One third of all your Pimping gains,
Will purchase Brawn enough.

XIV.

Hor. Ode 11. Lib. 1.

Tu ne quæsieris, Nefas, &c.

1.

COme *Ned*, what need it trouble thee, or I,
What end the Gods will give?
Alas! there's forty ways to die,
But one alone to live.

2.

He only lives that drinks good store of Wine,
And clarifies his Brain;
If we our Sences can't refine,
Our Reason were in vain.

3.

While thus I speak, our Moments glide away,
And fleeting Time does pass:
Then Drink about, that so we may
O'retake it with the Glass.

XV.

Mart. Epigr. 71. Lib. 4.

Quero diu totam, &c.

TO each new Face, I swear I am in Love,
Then pressing ask t' enjoy,
And not an Oath, but does Compassion move,
Not one, but does Comply.
Then sure for Chastity there's no regard:
Yes, those are Chaste that ne're the Question heard.

XVI.

Hor. Ode 33. Lib. 1.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, &c.

1.

WHat cursed Love-sick Devil can
Poor *Strephon* so bewitch?
Must he himself thus quite unman,
'Cause *Phillis* proves a Bitch?

2.

Look but abroad into the World,
The case you'll find the same;
Where-e're the Boy his Darts has hurl'd,
'Tis still a cross-grain'd Game.

3.

Lovebright with *Dælia*'s Charms does burn,
And she for *Jasper* dies:
Jasper you hear at ev'ry turn,
Cries dam the Cockatrice.

4.

With me young *Moll* does Coo and Bill,
And vows I am her Dear:
And yet I can't, with all my skill,
From brawling *Bess* get clear.

XVII. Mart.

XVII.

Mart. Epigr. 46. Lib. 8.

Quanta tua est Probitas, quanta est præstantia formæ, &c.

CHarming *Alexis*, is so sweet a Boy,
To look on him, is more than to enjoy.
No Blushes yet did ever grace,
A more bewitching modest Face.
Whene're I see the lively Red,
His tender Cheeks o'respread,
Methinks they do invite me to a Kiss:
Yet seem to say, that I must struggle for the Bliss.
The Youth that did the Mighty Thund'rer move,
Had never Eyes more fraught with Love.
He that with Lightning cou'd the World destroy,
Stoop'd to the Flames of his dear lovely Boy.
How then can wretched I,
Whom all the pangs of Love do thus enrage,
Forbear to try
Whether *Alexis* won't my panting pains asswage?

XVIII.

Hor. Ode 19. Lib. 1.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum, &c.

1.

BE gone Chaſte Icy thoughts, be gone,
Once more I feel the mighty God-like Gueſt,
Through ev'ry Vein come ruſhing on,
To Triumph in my Breaſt.

2.

From *Glaura*'s Eyes there's no Reprieve,
Such killing Charms do ev'ry Look deſcry,
To ſtand their force I cannot live,
And if not ſeen, I die.

3.

Oh thou impetuous God of Love!
Why from your Tranſports ſhou'd I thus delay?
When moſt you do a Ferment move,
Then leaſt can I obey.

XIX.

Fragment. Petron. Arbitr.

Fœda est in Coitu, & brevis Voluptas, &c.

TO do the Trick is but a nasty sport,
The tickling joy is momentary short:
How cursed fooliſh do our Looks appear,
When all our Courage dwindles to a sneer?
Let beastly Goats their nauseous Lusts pursue,
More gen'rous Flames are to our Transports due:
From harmless Lips we'll suck Eternal Bliss,
And dwell an Age on ev'ry single Kiss.
No conscious Guilt will then our Cheeks invade,
No sordid fear that we shall be Betray'd:
But when from Units, Hundreds do ensue,
The last of Thousands still begins anew.

XX.

Hor. Ode 13. Lib 1.

Quum tu Lydia Telephi, &c.

1.

FIe *Lidy*, fie, how can I longer bear,
Such ſtrange unheard-of things,
While I ſit by, you curl young *Jocky*'s Hair,
And twirl about his Rings.

2.

Then I, poor Soul! into ſome corner ſneak,
And there begin to melt:
What Heart of harden'd Steel that wou'd not break,
If it ſuch Thumpings felt?

3.

Believe me Child, when once the thing is paſt
Jocky will leave you ſoon;
And this alone you'll have to ſay at laſt,
Good faith he was a Loon.

4.

Thrice bleſt are they, who to one point do tend,
Not vary as the weather;
But in each others Arms do make an end
Of Love and Life together.

XXI.

Mart. Epigr. 14. Lib. 10.

Cedere de noſtris nulli te dicis Amicis, &c.

WEll Sir, you ſay that you are ſtill my Friend;
But when I want, the Devil a ſouſe you'll lend;
Ev'ry ſly Raſcal can partake your ſtore;
But no relieving of a Friend that's Poor.
Full are your Barns, and richly ſtockt your Lands,
Yet ne're to me one Morſel ſlipt your hands.
In this alone your Friendſhip me adorns,
For your dear ſake I wear a pair of Horns.

XXII.

Hor. Ode 7. Lib. 2.

O ſæpe mecum Tempus in Ultimum, &c.

1.

WHat *George!* Art thou return'd, old heart of Oak?
Then may the Gods be bleſt:
How oft have we eſcapt the fatal ſtroke,
That Thouſands ſent to Reſt?

2.

Oft have we felt the various chance of War,
Have oft been full, and empty;
Sometimes course Highland Bonnack was our fare,
Sometimes all store of Plenty.

3.

I han't forgot that Curſed *Landen* bout,
How wet we went to Kennel;
And lay all night, like brace of pickled Trout,
Serv'd up without their Fennel.

4.

You ſtill purſu'd that rambling, reſtleſs Scene,
Yet nothing got by Fighting;
On that account I've ſtill your Comrade been,
And got as much by Writing.

5.

Come, let's the Soul of ſome kind Vintner try,
And make him pierce his Terces:
Him with your Camps and Sieges you ſhall ply,
And I'll repeat my Verſes.

6.

With dint of Argument we'll drill him on
To truſt on this occaſion;
And make him know, that 'tis by Faith alone,
He muſt expect Salvation.

XXIII.

Anacreon Ode 25.

Οταν πίνω τὸν οἶνον.

1.

NO Rents have I, no well fill'd Barns,
Of Trading Stocks no ſhare;
The mighty bulk of my concerns
Is Chalkt up at the Bar.

2.

And yet when Healths have long gone round,
And Drunkenneſs commences,
Strange Raptures in my ſoul abound,
Beyond the reach of ſences.

3.

'Tis then we sing, and dance by turns,
And kindly hug each other,
Each with Affection panting burns,
For his dear drunken Brother.

4.

No sorrow then my Thoughts infest,
My Stars I don't upbraid;
But with content, I reel to rest,
When once the Reckning's paid.

XXIV.

Anacreon Ode 2.

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις.

WHen first Nature began to destribute her store,
In a flood of her Bounty, her Kindness run o're:
Not a Creature but cou'd of some Excellence boast,
But the Wisdom of Man was to rule all the Rost:
Tho Bulls had their Horns, and Lyons their Claws
Yet the fiercest shou'd stoop to his Reasons great Laws.

Then

Then to curb human Pride, in a frolickſome fit,
To puzzle Mans Reaſon, and confound all his Wit,
She ordain'd that he muſt to ſoft Beauty ſubmit.
Thus in vain does Man boaſt all his Sov'raign ſway,
At each beck of a Luſt he's oblig'd to obey.

XXV.

Hor. Ode 5. Lib. 1.

Quis multa Gracilis, &c.

1.

WHat fooliſh Youth has *Molly* now drawn in
To be her Cully Mate?
He little thinks that he muſt purchaſe ſin
At half ſo dear a rate.

2.

Alas! that tender ſoft bewitching Face
Will fierceſt frowns put on:
That Oily Tongue will Rant and Curſe apace,
When once his Caſh is gone.

3.

Each Vein will then with downright Madneſs ſmart,
And rankle with the Guilt,
That he ſhou'd proſtrate both his Purſe and Heart,
To ſuch a Curſed Jilt.

4.

When once I found on what a ſordid ſcore
She did her Charms diſplay,
I vow'd I ne're wou'd ſteer my Rudder more
In ſuch a faithleſs Sea.

FINIS.